

The Tragedy of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,

Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,

Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,

Thou know'st tis common all that liues must dye,

Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee

Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,

Tis not alone my incky cloake could smother,

Nor customary futes of solemne black,

Nor windie suspiration of forl breath,

No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,

Nor the deiected hauior of the vilage.

Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe,

That can deuore me truly, these indeed seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play,

But I haue that within which passes shewe,

These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your Father,

But you must know your father lost a father,

That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound

In filiall obligation for some tearme

To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer

In obstinate condelement, is a course

Of impious stubbornesse, tis vmanly griefe,

It shoves a will most incorrect to heauen,

A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient,

An vnderstanding simple and vn schoold,

For what we know must be, and is as common

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,

Why should we in our peenish opposition

Take it to hart, he, tis a fault to heauen,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd, whose common theame

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed

From the first course, till he that dyed to day

This must be so: we pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs

As of a father, for let the world take note

You are the most imediate to our throne,

And with no lesse nobility of loue

Then that which dearest father beares his sonne.

Doe I impart toward you for your intent,

In going back to schoole to *Wittenberg*,

It is most retrogard to our desire,

And we beseech you bend you to remaine

Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,

I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,

Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madam come,

This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*

Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,

No iocund health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day,

But the great Cannon to the clowdes shall tell,

And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,

Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flourish. Exeunt all*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, but *Hamlet*.

Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dew,

Or that the euermlasting had not fixt

His cannon gainst seale slaughter, O God, God,

How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable

Seeme to me all the vses of this world?

Fie on't, ah he, tis an vnweeded garden,

That growes to seed, things ranck and grosse in nature,

Possesse it meereely that it should come thus

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